



# PARADOX RESOLUTION

by K. A. Bedford

## The Novel

Aloysius “Spider” Webb fixes time machines for a living. He hates his job; he hates his life, and hates time travel even more. He simply wants to get on with his life. He’s a hard working Australian bloke — a good man in a bad situation who is willing to do almost anything to regain his self-respect and the affection of his nearly ex-wife, Molly; a mad sculptress on her way to international fame and fortune.

Spider’s life and his world are changing. After quitting the Western Australian Police Service, Spider studied to become a time machine repair mechanic, eking out a sparse living fixing broken down machines. But the repair business isn’t what it used to be. Once, time machines were as big as cars; but now they’re smaller and compact, portable, and cost too much to get fixed so it’s easier for people to simply buy a new one. Times are tough and there is no end in sight.

Meanwhile, Spider’s new boss at the Time Machines Repaired While-U-Wait franchise needs help: his secretly built, totally illegal, radically overclocked, hotrod time machine has been stolen, and Spider is the right man to get it back before it falls into the wrong hands, or worse inadvertently destroys the entire universe.

Spider’s journey begins with a simple favor to help his almost ex-wife, Molly, and moves to the icy wastes of the far, far future.

Surprise and shock are the only constants in Spider’s life; why should this job be any different?

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## The Author

K. A. Bedford lives in Perth, Western Australia. All of his novels have been shortlisted for the Aurealis Award for Best Australian Science Fiction Novel, and he has twice won, including for TIME MACHINES REPAIRED WHILE-U-WAIT, which was also shortlisted for the Philip K. Dick Award.

Bedford attended Curtin and Murdoch Universities, where he studied Writing, Theatre, and Philosophy.

He will be appearing at the World Science Fiction Convention, in Chicago August 30 - September 3.

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What are you working on now?

“Spider 3. And developing a possible space opera title as well.”



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## K. A. Bedford interview:

1. What's your latest release and how did the idea arrive?

It's PARADOX RESOLUTION, the second Spider Webb book. The idea for which came a long time ago, and changed so much in the development process that the original idea was completely forgotten, and I went with what you now find in the book.

2. What is the book about?

It's a book about how time travel leads to nothing but trouble and strife. There's a bit where Spider thinks that the so-called "E-mail From the Future" which had the original instructions on how to build a time machine, the sender of whom has never been found, was a terrorist plot to destabilise the world. Because it's obviously working.

3. What genre does it fit into?

Science fiction adventure.

4. What is different about the book?

It's set in Perth, Western Australia, in the near future. It's the least exotic, least futuristic, least whizzy place there is on Earth. Trust me. I know. The book is also big on its characters, because I think compelling characters make for a compelling read. Plot alone doesn't do it for me. I don't want to read about lifeless people following plot directions as if they were baking a very suspenseful cake. This is probably the one big lesson I've taken from reading classics and literary fiction: characters you can genuinely care about, and who grow and change.

5. Who is the book for?

People who liked the first one. Science fiction readers generally. Anyone with a pulse? :)

6. Why did you write the book?

I thought Spider still had some life left in him after the first book. And I keep getting these ideas, see.

7. When did you start writing the book?

I wrote the book during 2009-2010.

8. Where did the inspiration ideas come from for the book?

I have no idea. They just turn up out of nowhere. It's the nearest thing to magic there is, I believe. You're minding your own business, driving along, or doing the shopping, or trying to sleep, etc, and suddenly there's this thing in your head that hadn't been there a few minutes earlier. Sometimes these are so compelling that you have to drop everything you're doing and go and start writing notes. I've had entire novels come to me during long drives in the countryside. Not \*good\* novels; none of those have ever made it to print, but they do keep turning up. Then of course you can go for ages and have nothing turn up, and you start to worry and get neurotic about it. Until one day three turn up at once, like buses. It's weird.

9. There are six elements in writing fiction and often fact: Who, What, When, Where, Why and How. The first five often lead to the sixth, which is the plot. What's your take on this?

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I'm more into the Character is Plot school of thought, that plot emerges from what the characters are like, and what they're about.

10. How do you create your characters? Your plot? Do you have a specific process?

My characters tend to turn up, unannounced. I do write a \*lot\* of notes, though, once I've got a gaggle of characters. Especially with time-travel stories, where you've got things happening out of sequence, etc. That kind of thing you have to sketch out. And most often I don't have names for these characters. Names are hard. In notes they're usually just "Protagonist", and "Love Interest", "Sidekick", "Robot Buddy", "Woman Who Means Trouble", "Sad Dog", "Major Villain", "Minor Villain", etc.

11. Do you know how the story will end before you begin? In a general way or a specific one?

Not a freaking clue in the world. Mostly I'm writing the way I would read, to find out what happens next. Most times I sit down to write, I have no idea what the characters will be doing that day. I have broad aims and goals for them, and, sort of, limits within which they can do what they like. If this sounds like keeping a puppy in a play-pen, then you're probably right.

12. Do you choose settings you know or do you have books of settings and plans of houses sitting around?

No, I just make stuff up. On occasion I will consult maps of places where I haven't been, and similar sorts of information (Google Maps/Earth is brilliant) to get more of a sense of things.

13. Where do you do your research? On line or books?

Mainly online. I've read a boatload of popular physics books. And I have some very brainy friends I consult from time to time when I've got a particularly knotty problem. For matters pertaining to, say, local police, I ask the local police. They've been very helpful, and answer my queries, even though they know I'm a science fiction writer. I'd love to go and sit down and talk with a detective sometime, but I doubt they'd go along with that.

14. Do you write in more than one genre?

I write science fiction, but also like detective fiction (and spy fiction — Alan Furst, John LeCarre and Charles McCarry). In detective fiction I love the Scandinavian stuff (not so much Larsson, but the other guys are great) most of all. I often try to blend the sf and the detective elements. The detective story often provides a useful frame around which to tell a good sf story, I've found.

15. Did you choose your genre or did it choose you?

I was born into the Space Age, and the Cold War. I saw the Apollo 11 moon landing when I was 6. STAR TREK and DOCTOR WHO and lots of other TV sf shows all turned up as I was growing up. I grew up absolutely soaking in futurity. :) It's just a shame it hasn't worked out the way we thought it would.

16. Are there villains in your book(s) and how were they created?

Yes, though they don't and would never think of themselves as villains, just as the villains of the real world never think they're villains. Bashar al-Assad, of Syria, thinks he's saving his country from foreign interlopers and terrorists (mind you, he also does think of Syria as \*his\*, as in his actual birthright, that he owns it). Hitler thought he was doing the world a huge favour. Breivik, in Norway, shot all those kids, etc, and thought he was not only doing the country a huge favour, but that he was performing a vital service, and that he should be given a medal for taking the initiative, and being a good citizen. Villains see things differently. They make different choices.

Some are obviously evil and crazy, but they don't worry about things like that. Or they have yes-men who reassure them that everything they're doing is just and proper. Villains in my books, like Dickhead McMahon, believe they're doing the universe a great service. There's also the matter of gaining exclusive knowledge. Dickhead is crazy. In Spider 3 he has come to realize this, and has gotten treatment for it, and is now full of terrible awareness of what he's done. He's still Dickhead, though. :)

## The first 'Spider' book



Spider discovers the corpse of a brutally murdered woman from the future which leaves him asking a lot of questions that only lead to more questions; unsettling evidence, brewing trouble, and the knowledge that Spider himself might be involved in an epic battle for time itself.



# PARADOX

## RESOLUTION

### Chapter 1

Aloysius ‘Spider’ Webb did not look like a man who’d been to the End of Time and back. He didn’t look like a man who’d been offered ultimate power, and turned it down. He looked ordinary, a middle-aged Australian bloke, a bit overweight, losing his greying hair, and with a bitter hardness about his eyes, a face that had been disappointed, and done the disappointing.

A long time, another lifetime, ago, Spider had been a promising young police officer. But then fate intervened and now he was stuck fixing broken time machines for (not much of) a living.

Though he hated time machines with the white-hot fury of a thousand suns, as they say, he did have an aptitude for the work, which surprised him, though it helped that most time machine problems were stupidly simple, or indeed simply stupid. More often than not, Spider wanted to hit the owners around the head and shoulders with a copy of *Time Machines for Dummies*, or maybe a large fish, he couldn’t decide.

Spider’s problem was that he was a good man living in a rotten world getting more rotten by the day.

Right now, he just wanted to get home to the Lucky Happy Moon Motel in Midland, but was stuck in traffic in Guildford. It was bucketing down warm rain when his phone-patch rang.

“Webb, go.” Spider maneuvered his recumbent bike to the side of the road. It was late, and the Guildford traffic, improbably, was a seething mass of cars, bikes, and vans, all inching along, horns blating and howling. It was almost a relief to get a phone call. *But who could be calling at this time of night*, he wondered. He needed to get home, get some sleep and get up early, fresh and chipper, ready to fix the city’s endless supply of malfunctioning time machines. Spider barely heard the voice coming through his phonepatch.

“Al, it’s me,” said Molly, his very nearly ex-wife.

“Molly?” This was a surprise. “Um, hi,” he said. Molly had always been the only person he permitted to call him anything resembling his actual first name, Aloysius. It was a name he had always hated, and which had got him into trouble when he was a kid in school. A friend at university nicknamed him ‘Spider’, and

the name stuck. Molly, who he had also met at university, had never liked it, and insisted on calling him Al.

“Molly, just a tick, it’s noisy,” he said, imagining she was calling to make sure he had signed the bloody divorce papers, but no.

“Are you okay?” she said. “You sound tense.”

Spider had always loved Molly’s voice. It was one of the things about her that made him first notice her, perhaps even fall in love with her, once upon a time, a long time ago. He used to provoke her into arguments just to get her to talk to him. He knew he could have engaged her in ordinary conversation, but even as a callow Arts undergraduate, he noticed that Molly’s thing was arguing. Prickly to a fault, she would *discuss* any damn thing; take any position, any opinion, just to be provocative, just to get a rise out of him, or out of anyone else within her blast radius. Somehow her passion was profoundly attractive. It was not until many years later that she had started to seem manipulative, annoying, and even cruel. The divorce had been Molly’s idea.

“I’m in traffic, Moll,” he said. “I’m on my way home.”

Spider had talked Molly into a trial separation, during which, oddly, in the course of doing countless odd jobs for her, he wound up seeing more of her than when they had been properly married.

“Yeah, it’s just, look, something’s come up,” Molly said.

“Uh-huh.” Spider tried to concentrate on Molly’s voice while ignoring the traffic around him.

“Can you come and do a bit of house-sitting for me, for the next, ah, two weeks, maybe?”

“Two weeks? What?”

“I have to go to America. Kind of sudden, I know.”

For a moment Spider wasn’t sure which part of Molly’s statement required comment first. North America, these days, was terribly dangerous; and yes, this was a little bit sudden. Spider had seen Molly three days earlier, and there had been no talk of anything like this then. “Um?” he said in the end, always ready with the right thing to say.

“Yeah, I know. A gallery owner, from Mosman Park, has some contacts in New York, and he’s—”

“What? Have you seen the news? New York? It’s—”

“Look, if you can’t do it, just say so—”

“It’s not that, it’s—”

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“God, Al, this could be my big break and typical bloody you, all you can think of is your selfish self.”

He took a deep breath, waited for his heart to slow, and tried to focus. “Molly, let’s start again. You want me to house-sit? Is that right?”

“That’s right. Stéphane wants me to fly out with him tomorrow. Business class, Al! Business class!”

“Stéphane?” he said, nearly choking on the pretentious name, and hating him. Hating that he had money, hating that he was on good terms with Molly, hating that he was taking her to New York, and hating that he had ‘connections’. But most of all hating that he was probably sleeping with her. That burned, right there, that thought. Molly sleeping with anyone else. In Spider’s mind, despite the divorce papers still waiting for his signature, he thought he could, maybe, one day, win her back. *Stéphane! Good grief*, he thought. He was losing her. And after everything he’d been through, that *they* had been through, and everything he did for her, up to and including bringing her back from the End of Time, saving her from Dickhead’s torture (never mind, he told himself, that it had been more or less his own fault that she had been caught up in that nightmare). But she wouldn’t know anything about that; wouldn’t remember it — in her mind that future had never happened.

In this timeline, their timeline, life was proceeding as normal — everything unfolding as it ought to.

“Al? Al, you there? Hello?”

“I’m here, Moll”

“So, are you excited for me?”

“Excited for you?”

“It’s gonna be huge, Al. Just huge. There’s talk they could get me into MoMA, for God’s sake. Imagine that! Can you believe it?”

*Holy crap*, Spider thought, knowing what an exhibition in the prestigious Museum of Modern Art would mean for Molly’s career as an artist. Knowing it could make her a success. Could set her up for life. A life in which he had no part to play, not even for doing odd jobs like fixing the router on her toilet system. He found himself, suddenly, on the edge of tears, his throat closed up, and his eyes stinging. Wiping at them with the back of his cold hand, he said, “Molly, that’d be brilliant! This guy can really do that for you?”

“Al, this Stéphane, he’s bloody amazing! Just *amazing!*”

And in that one word, he thought, he could feel so much more about Stéphane’s capabilities than simply his business

skills. This Stéphane could give Molly everything she ever wanted, the things she most wanted, her heart’s desire, in fact. All the sorts of things he had never been able to provide. Even when he had had a proper, decent job, in the police, before things went bad, he’d made pretty decent money, never enough, of course; it was never enough for her, to set her up the way she wanted to live. His work in the WA Police was so intense, so horrifying a lot of the time, and the police took so much crap from the public, all the criticism all the time about every single thing they did, and of course the government was always finding ways to claw back most of what they earned — which was a rant for another time.

What Spider did earn, particularly once he made detective senior sergeant, was okay. They’d been able to buy a house, a bit of a fixer-upper, with a big mortgage. Nothing flash, certainly no luxury, but there was a separate room for Molly’s studio, not all that big, but it was enough, and she toiled away in there, sometimes all night long, working on her bizarre stuff, stuff he never did quite understand, and some of which, let’s face it, gave him the absolute creeps. The point was, it was home, it was theirs, it should have been enough for her, but it never was. Molly would complain about being stuck in the arse end of the world, which was Perth — the wrong city, in the wrong state, on the wrong side of the country. The arts world was all over east, in Melbourne and Sydney. That’s where the coverage was, where the money was, the rich bastards who actually bought expensive avant-garde artworks were all over there, and of course, that was where the arts-related media all were. Here, in the boonies of Western Australia, Molly had always been restless, frustrated — the word she liked to use, now he thought about it, was ‘alienated’, a theme that showed up all the time in her work.

Spider thought, *Things are looking up for Molly. And the mature, grown-up thing to do, if he genuinely did love her, was to let her go, wish her well, and do whatever he could to help her out. Be a friend, first and foremost.* So Spider said, “Yeah, sure. I’d be happy to look after the old place.” Once upon a time his old place, too. “Take three weeks, if it’d help. Those bastards in New York, they won’t know what’s hit ‘em!” he said, perhaps overly cheery.

He could hear Molly smiling. “Thanks, Al. You’re the best.”

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“One endeavors to provide satisfaction,” he said, quoting the immortal Jeeves.

“What?”

“It’s okay. Look, um, so what do you need from me?” He checked his watch, saw it was well after ten p.m., a cold and wet Thursday night in late April, rain pounding hard and loud on the bike canopy over his head. *What was she doing calling at such a late hour?* he wondered — and then remembered the time difference between Perth and New York; it was about twelve or thirteen hours, depending on daylight saving at the New York end. Molly had probably just got off the phone with Mr. Stéphane. Or maybe she and he had just had a fantastic evening in bed together in Mosman Park, and Molly had come up for air just long enough to call him, asking for a favor. It was a corrosive thought, eating through his mind, and he tried to unthink it, to get the image out of his head, but it wouldn’t leave.

“Oh, one more thing, Al,” Molly said.

“Moll?”

“It’s Popeye.”

“Popeye?” Spider said, surprised, thinking about cartoon sailors with improbable forearms.

“You know, Popeye. My fish! Mr. Popeye! He’s a Panda Moor! I got him, oh, must be, two years ago, you remember! You were with me that day.”

*Oh*, he thought. “Sorry, Moll. Not me. I’m sure I’d remember going fish-shopping with you.” *Shopping with Molly, for anything at all was always such a lovely, stress-free experience*, he thought.

“Okay,” she said, surprised, but not troubled. “Well, I’ve got this fish—”

“Mr. Popeye,” Spider said.

“Yes, that’s right. And, thing is, Mr. Popeye, he’s—”

Spider understood all at once. He closed his eyes, waiting for the blow. “Let me guess, he’s sick and you want me to look after him while you’re away, right?”

“Well, yes, of course! It’s just a little thing. Fin rot. So you have to make sure he gets his medication.”

Spider was gobsmacked that there was medication for fin rot, medication which almost certainly cost more than the fish itself had cost. He sighed, pinched the bridge of his nose, trying to keep his breathing under control. “Okay,” he said. “No worries! Just leave me instructions, it’ll be fine. The little guy will be bright-eyed—” *perhaps*, he thought, more accurately, *the little guy would be ‘pop-eyed’*, “—and bushy-tailed by the time you get back from your conquest of the Big Apple.”

Then Molly did something Spider thought she would never, ever do, something that shocked him more than he’d been shocked by anything lately. Molly *squealed* as she said, “Can you believe it, Al! I’m going to *New York City!* MoMA, Al! It’s just—”

“Unbelievable, yes, Moll,” he said, and added, “Go forth and kick arse.”

“Stéphane says its fall over there.”

“Oh,” he said. “Is that so?”

Then there was a pause on the line. “Al, you’re not jealous, are you?” Molly said.

“Jealous? Why, no, I—”

“You *are* jealous, you are!

Spider could imagine her smiling. “Silly Aloysius! There’s nothing to be jealous about. Stéphane’s gay.”

*Of course he is*, Spider thought. “Sure. Okay. Um, cool.”

“It’s sweet of you to be concerned for my virtue, though.”

Molly’s virtue was the last thing he was concerned about, but he let her witter on in that vein for a while, as she told him all about the ‘lovely’ Stéphane, how she met him, and how he’d introduced her to a bunch of his lovely friends in the art biz, some of whom, it turned out, went through Curtin University’s Fine Arts program at about the same time she did, but she didn’t remember any of them. It had been a long time ago.

And now she was about to be swept away into the glamorous world of New York art galleries, and from there, Paris? London? Frankfurt? *He would never see her again*, he thought, *except in news feeds and vids that featured profiles of Australians who’d done well for themselves overseas and finally came back home after ten or twenty years — a huge success.*

Could he deal with Molly leaving his life like that? Could he deal with her success? He didn’t honestly know.

Then, Molly said, “Oh God, look at the time!” Spider glanced at his watch; realized Molly had been talking for over half an hour. She went on. “Look, I’ll be in touch with final arrangements about the house-sit, okay?”



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“Fine,” he said. “No worries. I’ll be around.”

“Good night!”

“Night, Moll. Love you.”

“You, too!” she said, and was gone, leaving him in cold silence, feeling like he’d woken up from a strange dream, to find himself tucked inside his bicycle, the rain beating down on the canopy.

He sat for a long moment, one leg keeping the bike upright, reminding himself that he had told Molly a number of times that he was always ready and available for whatever little odd jobs she might have around the old matrimonial pile that needed doing. He had always told himself it was a good way, perhaps the only way, to stay in touch with her and her life. Maybe, he convinced himself, in the course of carrying out these odd jobs, she might notice once again that he was a good man worthy of her love. He thought of it as the ‘drip method’, and told himself that a steady stream of water drops falling on a piece of concrete will, over time, break that concrete. Not that Molly was in any way like a piece of concrete, all grey and hard and lacking in tensile strength, really... No. Molly was merely her own person. She had allowed herself to forget that she and he had once been a fine pair of souls. He had hoped to remind her of this and it simply never occurred to him that his plan might backfire. The prospect of two weeks in the old home, tending to the needs of a sickly fish did not fill him with unalloyed delight. But he would do it. He would do it with something approximating a smile on his face. He had to be the grown-up. He was, after all, nearly fifty years old. It was more than time to behave like a grown-up.

The fact was, when he’d told Molly he loved her, he meant it, and she knew he meant it, but it meant nothing to her. He was her past, an ‘issue’ to work out in her artwork. No matter what he said to her, no matter what he promised, or tried, he would never get her back. She would always, no matter what, just look at him, maybe smile a little, a sad look on her face, and tell him he was doing himself no favors with all this sad and pathetic nonsense. Molly had decided against him a long time ago, and it was just a matter of Spider grasping that, internalizing it, and moving on.

The one thing Spider did have going for him was that he was a good man. Back when he’d been a copper, he’d done his best to be the best, even, ultimately, at enormous cost to his own career. If he’d been prepared to go to the dark side, he could have saved his job, had money, better clothes, a nice car, all of it. All of the things Molly had always wanted. But that had not been who he was, and they both knew it. Spider wished, had always wished, that what he was would be enough for Molly — but that had never been the case. She always looked at him as if she were wondering how on Earth she had ever fallen for him in the first place — as if she didn’t know what she’d been thinking.

## Praise:

“Bedford is funny in a crazed, Rudy Rucker kind of way. While Rucker writes of gonzo theorists, Bedford writes of the gonzo mechanics who keep the machines running.”

— Fred Cleaver, *Denver Post*

“It’s hard to do anything fresh with time travel, but ... K. A. Bedford delivers by focusing less on the “wow” factor than on the social-implications factor.” — Dru Pagliassotti, *The Harrow*

“I have to say I really liked this book, and think K. A. Bedford a writer easily capable of taking his place with better-known contemporary sf authors like Alister Reynolds, Ken McLeod, and Paul McAuley.”

— *New York Review of Science Fiction*

“The mastery of the projected technologies is dazzling, far more so than in most military space opera, and it is not there simply for display. These technologies have consequences. The vocabulary associated with them is credible and vital. Setting and complication are real strengths for this writer, and the pacing and action keep the reader fully occupied.”

— Dave Luckett, reviewer - *The West Australian*

## Reading for pleasure...

“I enjoy reading the classics; detective fiction (my favorite detective is Erlendur of the *Reykjavik Murder Mysteries*, by Arnaldur Indridason, an Icelandic writer who has this wonderfully broken detective character who is so damaged over something that happened in his childhood that he’s never recovered, but who is a great detective, and it’s the only part of his life that works. He also has these two equally damaged kids he’s trying to get to know again, and it’s incredibly hard. The gloom-soaked Icelandic setting is incredibly apt for such stories); science fiction. I don’t read as much sf as I used to. A great deal of it does nothing for me these days.”

“It often seems too inwardly clever, too ‘meta’, too much like a genre eating itself rather than branching out into new areas. I rely on recommendations from trusted friends, award shortlists, and things like the Gardner Dozois anthologies.”

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In a recent e-mail K. A. Bedford said:



“The best thing I’ve ever seen of Dr. Kaku was his part in a recent science documentary about the search for a Theory of Everything, that would integrate quantum mechanics and relativity into a theory of quantum gravity. I’d read years before that quantum mechanics (the science of the infinitesimally small) and relativity (science of the immensely large, like planets, galaxies, etc) were fundamentally incompatible, but I didn’t know why exactly. I’d seen that the relativity equations Einstein came up with incorporated the equations of Newtonian motion, and then went further; I didn’t know why you couldn’t just rewrite the equations of relativity in terms of QM. Then along comes this documentary, with Dr. Kaku, who had a blackboard, and he set about showing exactly why: you can totally write out the relativity equations in terms of QM — until you get to a point where you have to divide by zero, which is mathematically absurd, and even I knew that. I just sat and stared, all gobsmacked and wide-eyed, at the telly. That made perfect sense! And no other book on physics that I’d previously read (and I’ve read loads) explained that, or not that I noticed, anyway. So, phwoar! :)”

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## Marketing Plans

- Review copies sent (May).
- Ads: Online, LOCUS magazine, On Spec magazine, and the World Science Fiction Convention program. (August, September, October).
- Book launch events in Calgary, Chicago, Toronto. (August, October, November).
- Blog tour and interviews. (July - November)
- Direct mail postcard campaign to libraries, bookstores, readers. (September).

## More praise:

“The author skillfully manipulates Spider’s travails and travels through time. And he does time travel, both slightly backward and far forward, as his personal life both unravels and resolves itself. He does end up meeting other versions of himself, but the author helps both Spider and the reader out by referring to these alternates as Soldier Spider or Near Future Spider. If you relish the conundrums of time travel and enjoy the slightly off-kilter perspective from the opposite side of the world (Australia), this story of a man attempting to both solve a mystery and come to terms with his life will provide a pleasurable escape from present day reality.” — SF Revu

“The book takes place in Australia, and since I lived there for about a year, it was fun to read a book with Australian lingo. Bedford does a good job of keeping his sci-fi concepts accessible; main character Spider is often having to sum up things so that he (and the reader) can follow. Spider is pretty flawed yet likable, and there’s some interesting time travel throughout the book.” — Jen, Reader



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### NOVELS BY K. A. BEDFORD

#### Eclipse

(ISBN-13: 978-1-894063-30-2)

#### Hydrogen Steel

(ISBN-13: 978-1-894063-20-3)

#### Orbital Burn

(ISBN-13: 978-1-894063-10-4)

#### Paradox Resolution

(ISBN-13: 978-1-894063-88-3)

#### Time Machines Repaired While-U-Wait

(ISBN-13: 978-1-894063-42-5)